

THE
FIRST BOOKE OF
Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:
vwith Tableture for the
Lute or Orpherian, with
the Violl de
Gamba.

*Newly composed by Francis Pilkington,
Batcheler of Musick, and Lutenist: and one
of the Cathedrall Church of Christ,
in the Citie of Chester.*

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To the Right honourable VVilliam Earle of Darby, Lord Stanly, Lord Strange, of Knocking

and of the Isle of Man, and Knight of the most noble Order
of the Garter. Francis Pilkington wisheth health, with increase
of Honour in this life, and Eternitie hehereafter.



Ristoxenus (thrice noble Lord) held that
the Soule of man was Musickē: But that
the being thereof was framed of Bambees,
as the Pythagorians affirme: But for that it
is the subiect and object of all harmonicall
concents: Intimating hereby the dignitie
and high renowne of that Art, which de-
scended from so noble a stemme, seeketh by
all meanes possible to nobilitate the same,
and that man to bee vnfitt for the society and commerce of men, that ho-
nourceth not so worthy a Jewell for the life of man. Which opinion verely
is worthy Aristoxenus, that is to say, a noble Philosopher, yet how little
squaring with the time, experience a perfect Mistresse of truth hath a
long time taught. For whoregardeth the melodius charmes of Orpheus,
or enchanting melodye of Arion: surely but a few, Quos æquus ama-
vit Iupiter dijs geniti, aut ardeus euexit ad æthera virtus. Of which
rancke seeing your Lordship hath giuen vndoubted testimonies of your
honour to bee one: Musitions shoulde commit an vndiscreet part of in-
gratitude not to acknowledge so great a fauour. For mine owne part (who
am meaneest of many which professe this diuine skill, though not meaneest
in good will & humble affection to your Honor) I mast confesse my selfe
many waies obliged to your Lcrdships familie, not onely, for that my Fa-
ther and Brother received many graces of your Honours noble Father,
whom they followed, but that my self had the like of your most honorable
Brother, euен from the first notice he chanced to take of mee. And ther-
fore (most honourable Lord) I haue heere presented this oblation, how-
soever meane, a token of mine affectionate good will and Loue, yea onely
devoted to your Lordship, which if it may gaine your gracious acceptati-
on, will feare neither Zoilus nor Momus his reprobation.

Your Honours in all dutie

Francis Pilkington.



THE TABLE.

<i>N</i> Ow peep, boe peep, thrise happie blest mine eies.	I
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FINIS.

B.

CANTO.



I.

Ow peep, boe peep, thrise happie blest mine eies, For I haue found faire

F **F**

F **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F**

Phillis, for I haue found faire Phillis where she lies, Vpon her

F **F**

F **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F**

bed, with armes vnsyred all fast a sleepe, Unmaskt her face, thrise happie grace, face-

F **F**

F **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F**

well, fare-well my Sheepe, Looke to your selues, new charge I must ap- proue, Phillis doth

F **F**

F **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F** **F**

sleepe, Phillis doth sleepe, And I must guard my Loue, Looke.

F **F**

2 Now peep boe peep, mine eyes to see your blisse,
Phillis closd eyes attracks you, hers to kisse:
Oh may I now performe my vow, loues ioy t'impart,
Assay the while, how to be-guile, farewell faint hart:
Taken she is, new ioyes I must approue,
Phillis doth sleep, and I will kisse my Loue.

3 Now peep, boe peep, be not too bould my hand,
Wake not thy Phillis, scare shee doe with-stand:
Shee stirs alas, alas, alas I faint in spright,
Shee opes her eie, vnhappie, I, farewell delight.
Awakt shee is, new woes I must approue,
Phillis awakes, and I must leaue my Loue.

Guard my Loue. Looke to your &c.

Looke to your felices, new charge I must ap-prone, *Phillis* doth sleepe, *Phillis* doth sleepe and I must

left a sleepe, vnmakst her face, thrise happye grace, Farewell, fricewell my sleepe, Looke to your felices,

found faire *Phillis* where she lies, vpon her bed, vpon her bed with armes vnspred, All

Ow sleepe, boe sleepe, dñe happye blest mine eies, For I haue found faire *Phillis*, for I haue

N

ALT.O.

I. BASSO.

Ow peep, boe peep, thrise happye blest

mine eies, For I haue found faire *Phillis*, for I haue

found faire *Phillis* where she lies, Vpon her bed with

armes vnspred all fast a sleepe, Vnmas'kt her face, thrise

happye grace, Farewell, farewell my sheepe, Looke to your

felices, new charge I must approve, *Phillis* doth sleepe, *Phillis*

doh sleepe, and I must guard my Loue. Looke to &c.

I.

TENORE.

N

Ow peep, boe peep, thrise happye blest mine eies, For I haue found my *Phillis*, for I haue

found my *Phillis* where thee lies, Vpon her bed with armes vnspred, vpon her bed with armes vnspred, with

armes vnspred, all fast a sleepe, vnmakst her face, thrise happye grace, Farewell, farewell my sheepe, Looke

to your selues, looke to your selues, new charge I must ap-prone, *Phillis* doth sleepe, *Phillis* doth sleepe, and

I must guard my Loue. Looke to your &c.

B.ij.

II.

CANTO.



Y choice is made and I de-sire no change, My wan-
 The de-serts wilde wherin my wits did range, Are now
 dring thoughts in li-mits now are bound: Let him that list sooth hu-mors that
 made ea-sie walks and plea-sant ground: Let passions stil pos-sesse the i-
 be vaine, Till va-ni-tie all meane ex-ceeds,
 dle braine, And care con-sumewhom fol-ly feeds. I rest resolu'd no
 fancies fits can mee-e strange, My choice is made, and I
 de-sire no more to change.

2 Change they their choice, to whose delicious sence,
 The strangest objects are of most esteeme:
 Inconstant likeing may find excellency,
 In things which (being not good) yet best doe seeme.
 Let gallant blouds still crowne their sports with ioy,
 Whom honor, wealth, and pleasure fils:
 Let sweet contentinent never find annoy,
 While Fortune frames things to their wills.
 This stirs not mee, I am the same, I was before,
 My choice is made, and I desire to change no more.

3 Be my choice blamde, or be I thought vnwise,
 To hold my choice, by others not approued,
 I say, that to my selfe I fall or rise;
 By feare, or force I cannot be remoued.
 Let friends in pittie doubt of my successe,
 Their pittie gets no thanks at all:
 Let foes be glad to see my hopes grow lesse,
 I scorne the worst that wish they shall:
 Still stand I firme, my hart is set, and shall remaine,
 My choice is made, and never will I change againe.

Let resolution d'ye no fancies fits can mee change, my choice is made, and I desire no more to change.

Let passions full posse the I-dle braine, and care consume, whom fol-le teedes.

Let him that list sooth humors that be vaine, till va-nie, till va-nie all meane ex-ceedes.

The de-serts wilde, wherin my wits did range, are now made ea-sie walks and plea-sant ground.

Y choice is made, and I de-sire no change, my wandring thoughts in li-mits now are bound.

The de-serts wilde, wherin my wits did range, are now made ea-sie walks and plea-sant ground.

ALT.O.

II. BASSO.

MY choice is made, and I de-sire no change, my mandring
The de-serts wilde, wherin my wits did range, are now made

thoughts in li-mits now are bound. Let him that list sooth humors that be
ca-sie walks and plea-sant ground. Let passions full posse the I-dle

vaine, till va-nie, till va-nie all meane ex-ceedes. I rest resolv'd, no fancies fits
braine, and care con-sume, whom fol-le teedes.

can mee estrange, my choice is made, and I desire no more to change.

TENORE.

MY choice is made, and I de-sire no change, my wandring thoughts in li-mits now are bound.
The de-serts wilde, wherin my wits did range, are now made ea-sie walks and plea-sant ground.

Let him that list sooth humors that be vaine, till va-nie, till va-nie all meane ex-ceedes.
Let passions full posse the I-dle braine, and care consume, whom fol-le teedes.

I rest resolv'd, no fancies fits can mee estrange, my choice is made, and I desire no more to change.

C.

III.

CANTO.



An she disdaine, can I per-sist to loue, can she be cruell, I subiected
 Still. Time will my truth, com- passi-on hers a- proue, re- lease the
 chrald, and con- quer fro- ward will. I loue not lust,
 Oh, oh therfore let her daigne, to equal my de- sires, to ij. my de-
 fires with like a- gaine. I loue not, &c.

Am I not pleasing in her prouder eies,
 Oh that she knew Loues power as well as I,
 Wittie she is, but Loues more wittie wife,
 She breathes on earth, he Raignes in heauen on high.
 I loue not lust, oh therefore let her daigne,
 To equall my desires with like againe.

Loue scorns the abiect earth his sacred fires,
 Vnites diuided mindes disseuers none,
 Contempt springs out of fleshly base desires,
 Setting debate twixt loue and vniouon.
 I loue not lust, oh therefore let her daigne,
 To equall my desires, with like againe.

with like a gaine. I loue not &c.

Loue not lust, I loue not lust. Oh therefore let her daigne, to equall my desirrs, to i-

Will my truth compallion hers a proue, release the thrald, and conuide fro- ward will. I

An hysse diuidane can I perfitt to loue, Can hysse be cruelly I libicid. Still. Time

With like a gaine. I loue not &c.

ALTO.

III. BASSO.

An hysse disdaine, Can I persist to loue, can shée bee cruell
I subiectd still. Time will my truthe compallion hers a- prone,

I subiectd still. Time will my truthe compallion hers a- prone,
release the thrald and conquer froward will. I loue not lust, Oh

therefore let her daigne, oh ij. To equall my desirrs,

To equall my desirrs, to ij. with like a gaine. I loue not &c.

III.

TENORE.

An hysse disdaine, can I persist to loue, can shée bee cruell I subiectd still. Time will in truth
compassion hers approue, release the thrald and conquer fro- wardwill. I loue not lust Oh therefore
let her daigne, Oh ij. to equall my desirrs, to equall my desirrs with like a gaine. I loue not &c.

C.ii

III.

CANTO.)



Las faire face why doth that smoo-
All in them selues con- firme a scorn-

F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a

thed brow: those speaking eies ros'd lips, and blushing beautie.
full vow: to spoile my hopes of loue, my loue of du-tie.

The time

F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a

F F F F F F F F

hath bin, when I was bet- ter graft: I now the same, and yet

F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a

F F F F F F F F

that time is past.

F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a
a a a a a a a a

Is it because that thou art only faire,
Or no such gracefull lookes banish disdaine,
How then, to feede my passions with dispaire,
Feede on sweet loue, so I be loued againe.
Well may thy publike scorne, and outward pride,
Inward affections, and best likings hide.

Breath but a gentle aire, and I shall live,
Smyle in a clowde, so shall my hopes renew,
One kind regard, and second seeing giue,
One rising Morne, and my blacke woes subdue.
If not, yet looke vpon the friendly Sunne,
That by his beames, my beames to thine may runne.

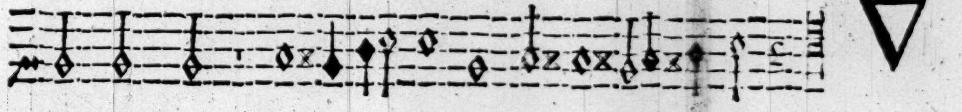
graft, I now the same, and yet that time is past. The time hath bled.



Hopes of loue, my loue of du-ue.
Eyes, rold lips, and blu-
ing beautie. The time hath bled, when I was better.



All in them felues confirme a scornfull vow. To spoile my
Las faire face, why doth that smoothed brow. Those speak-
ing beautie.



ALTO.

BASSO.

III.



III.

Las faire face, why doth that smoothed brow. Those speak-
ing beautie.
All in them felues confirme a scornfull vow. To spoile my



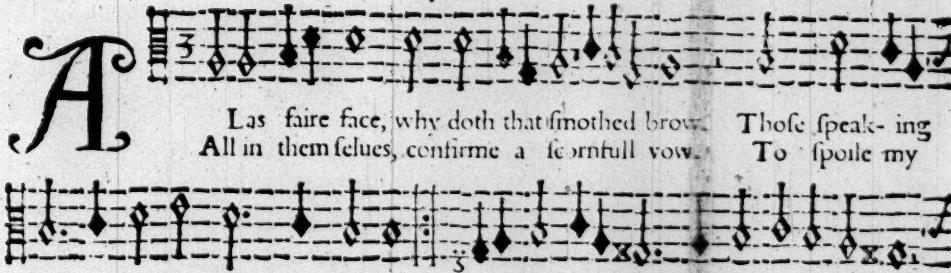
Eyes, rold lips and blu-
ing beautie. The time hath bled, when I was better.



graft, I now the same, and yet that time is past. The time hath &c.

V

TENORE.



Las faire face, why doth that smoothed brow. Those speak-
ing beautie.
All in them felues confirme a scornfull vow. To spoile my



eies, rold lips, and blu-
ing beautie.

The time hath bene, when I was better graft,

Hopes of loue, my loue of du-
tie.

The time hath, &c.

D.

V.

CANTO.



Hether so fast, see how the kindly kindly flowres, perfumes the aire, and

all to make thee stay, The climbing woodbird clipping al these bours, clips thee likewise, clips iij.

wife, for feare thou passe a-way, For we our friend, our foe will not gainsay. Stay, stay but a while, stay ij.

stay ij.

Phæ- be no teltale is, no teltale is.

She

her En- di- mis- on, He my Phœbe kiss. my Phœbe kiss. Stay, stay, &c.

Fear not, the ground seekes but to kisse thy feete
Harke, harke how *Phalme* sweetly sings,
Whilst water wanton fishes as they meeet,
Strike crochet time amid'st these christall springs,
And *Zephyrus* mongst the leaues sweet murmur rings,
Stay but a while, *Phaebe* no teltale is,
She her *Endimion*, he my *Phaebe* kisse.

See how the *Helitrope* heare thee of the Sunne
Though he himselfe long since be gon to bed,
Is not of force thine eies bright heanies to shun,
But with their warmth his gouldy leaues vnspred,
And on my knee inuites thee rest thy head.
Stay but a while, *Phabe* no tellale is,
She her *Endisoun*, Ilc my *Phabe* kille,

tale is, no: ii. no: i. She her Endimion, Ile my Phæbe killcmy Thæbe killc. Stay, stay, &c.

Fortune our friend, our foe will not gain - say. Stay, stay but a while, iij. iij. Thæbe no tel-

The clymbing Woodbind clipping all these bowers, clips thee likewise, clips iij. for feare thou passe away.

He- ther to full, see how the kindly flowers perfume the ayre, and all to make thee stay.

ALTO.

BASSO.

V. He- ther so fast, see how the kindly flowers perfume the ayre, &

V. all to make thee stay: the clymbing woodbind clipping all these bowers, clips

V. thee likewise, clips: iij. for feare thou passe away. Fortune our friend, our

V. foe will not gain say. Stay, stay but a while, stay: iij. Stay: iij. Phæb:

V. no tale is, no: ii. She her Endimion, Ile my Phæbe killc, killc. Stay, stay, &c.

TENORE.

W Hether so fast, see how the kind- ly flowers perfume the ayre, and all to make thee stay,

The clymbing woodbind, clipping all these bowers, clips thee likewise, clips iij. for feare thou passe away.

Fortune our friend, our foe will not gane say. Stay, stay but a while, stay iij. stay iij. stay iij.

Phæbe no tel-tale is, no iij. no iij. She her Endimion Ile my Phæbe killc, my Phæbe killc. Stay, stay &c.

D.ii

VI.

CANTO.



Est sweet Nymphs let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter
eie , Whiles my

A page from a medieval manuscript featuring musical notation. The top half contains four-line staves with square neumes. The first staff begins with a large, ornate initial 'R'. The bottom half shows a series of vertical strokes with small horizontal dashes, likely indicating a rhythmic pattern or a specific performance technique.

Lute the watch doth keep with pleasing sym- thies, Lulla lulla-by, Lulla Lulla-by, sleepe sweetly,

A handwritten musical score on four staves. The top staff is for a soprano voice, the second for an alto voice, the third for a basso continuo part showing bass clef, a C-clef, and a G-clef, and the bottom staff for a treble continuo part. The music consists of measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, primarily in common time.

Sleep sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme con- tent- ments lie. Lulla,&c.

A handwritten musical score for two voices. The score consists of two systems of music, each with two staves. The top staff of each system is for the soprano voice and the bottom staff is for the alto voice. The music is written in common time. The notation includes various note heads (solid black, hollow black, solid white, hollow white) and rests, with some notes having vertical stems pointing up or down. Measure numbers 1 through 10 are written above the staves. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line.

Dreame faire virgins of delight,
And blest Elizian groues:
Whiles the wandring shades of night,
Resemble your true loues :
Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby
 ur kisses your blisses send them by your wishes,
 though they be not nigh.

Thus, deare damzells I do giue
Good night and so am gone :
With your hertes desires long liue
Still ioy, and neuer mone.
Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby
Hath pleaseid you and easd you, & sweet slum' er sezd you,
And now to bed I hic.

watc-h doth keepe with pleas-ant Empathies, Lulla lul-la-by, lul-la-laby, sleepe sweetly, sleepe
 Est live-ct Nymphe-s, let gould-en sleepe charme your star brighter eyes,
 watch doth keepe with pleas-ant Empathies, Lulla lul-la-by, lul-la-laby, sleepe sweetly, sleepe
 alto.

VI. BASSO.

R Elt sweet Nymphes, let goulden sleepe charme your star brighter eyes,
 whilst my Lute the watch doth keepe with pleasing Simpathies. Lulla lul-laby,
 lul-lu-by, sleepe sweetly, sleepe sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in
 calme contentments lye. Lulla &c.

TENORE

R Elt sweet Nymphes, let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter eyes, whilst my Lute the
 watch dothe keepe, with pleasing sim-pathies. Lulla lul-laby, lul-laby, lul-laby, sleepe sweetly, sleepe
 sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme contentments lye. Lulla &c.

VI.

CANTO.



Est sweet Nymphs let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter eie, Whiles my

Lute the watch doth keep with pleasing symphonies, Lulla lulla-by, Lulla Lulla-by, sleepe sweetly,

A handwritten musical score for a string quartet, consisting of four staves. The top three staves are for violin parts, and the bottom staff is for cello. The music includes various rhythmic patterns, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (fortissimo) and 'p' (pianissimo). The score is written on five-line staff paper.

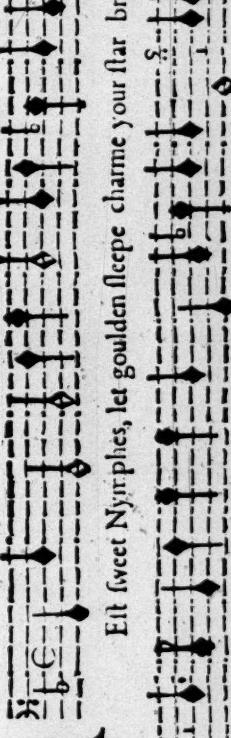
Sleep sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme contentments lie. Lulla,&c.

A handwritten musical score for two voices. The score consists of four measures per staff, spanning two staves. The top staff begins with a forte dynamic (F) and includes a repeat sign. The bottom staff begins with a forte dynamic (F) and includes a repeat sign. The vocal parts are labeled with letters: 'a' for the soprano and 'b' for the alto. The music includes various dynamics such as ff, f, and s, and rests. The score is written on five-line staves.

Dreame faire virgins of delight,
And blest Elizian groves:
Whiles the wandring shades of night,
Resemble your true loues :
Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby
 ur kisses your blisses send them by your wishes,
 though they be not nigh.

Thus deare damzells I do giue
Good night and so am gone :
With your hertes desires long liue
Still ioy, and neuer mone.
Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby
Hath pleaseid you and easd you, & sweet slum' er sezd you,
And now to bed I hic.

alto. VI. R
 If I were a Nymph, let goalden Jecepe charme your fair
 briegh-trer ges, whilecs my Lute the
 which doin keeppe with pleiaunt impathics, Lulla lul-la-by, lul-la-laby,
 Jecepe wccccy, Jecepe
 wcccc-ly, let mudung affright ycc, in calme conlent.
 Lulla xcc

BASSO.
VI.
R Elt sweet Nymphes, let goulden sleepe charme your flar brighter eyes,
V I.


 whiles n y Lute the watch doth keepe, with pleasing Simpathies. Lulla lul-laby,
TENORE.


 lul-lu-by. Sleepe sweetly, sleepe sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in
 calmc countamentiis lyce. Lula &c.

R
Est sweet Nymphes let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter eyes, whiles my Lute the
watch dothe keepe, with pleasing sim-pathies. Lulla lul-laby, lul-laby,lul-laby, sleepe sweetly, sleepe
sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme contentments lye. Lulla &c.

VII.

CANTO.



YE mee, she frownes, my Mistresse is c-
fen -ded,

Oh pardon

deare, my miste shall be amended:

My fault from loue proceeded, It merits grace

the rather, If I no dan- ger dreaded, it was to win your faubour.

Then deere those

Clouds, then smile on mee, And let vs bee good friends.

Come

walke, come walke, come kalle, come see, how soone our quarrell ends. Then cleere, &c.

Why low'rs my loue, and blots so sweet a beautie,
Oh be apeasd with vowes, with faith and duetie:
Give ouer to be cruell, sith kindnesse seemes you better,
You haue but changd a Juell, and loue is not your detter.
Then welcome mirth, and banish mone, shew pitrie on your louer,
Come play, come sport, the thing that's gon no sorrow can recouer.

Still are you angry, and is there no relenting?
Oh wiegh my woes, be mou'd with my lamenting:
Alas my hart is grieved, myne inward soule doth sorrow,
Vnles I be relecud, I dye before to morrow.
The coast is cleard, her countenance cheard, I am againe in grace,
Then farewell feare, then come my deare, lett dalli and embrac.

come walke, come talk, come kisse, come howe, loose our quarell ends. Then &c.

thy fauour. Then deere thole Clouds, then smile on mee, and let vs bee good friends:

my fault from loue proceeded, it merits grace the rather: if I no dan-ger dreaded, it was to win

Ye mee, where thou art, my Mistres is offendeth, Oh pardon deere, my mistresse shall be amende-

ALTO.

VII. BASSO.

Y mee, she frownes, my Mistres is offendeth, Oh

pardon deare, my misse shalbe amended: my fault from loue pro-

ceeded, it merits grace the rather, if I no danger dreading, it

was to win thy fauour. Then cleare those clouds, then smile on

mee, and let vs bee good friends: come walke, come talk, come

kisse, come see, how soone our quarell ends. Then.

A

VII.

TENOR.

A

Ye mee, she frownes, my Mistres is offendeth, Oh pardon deare, my misse shalbe amended: my

fault from loue proceeded, it merits grace the rather, if I no danger dreaded, it was to win thy fauour.

Then cleare those Clouds, then smile on mee, & let vs bee good friends: come walke, come talk,

come kisse, come set, how soone our quarell ends. Then. &c.

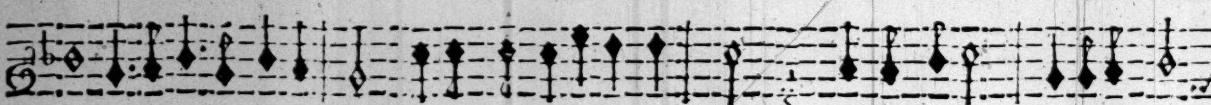
E. II.

VIII.

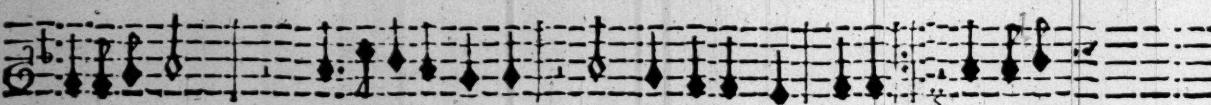
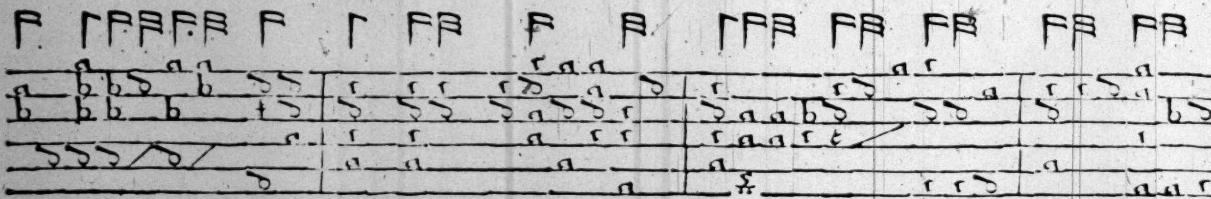
CANTO.



Ow let her change and spare not, since she proves false I care not, Fained



Loue so bewitched my de-light, That still I doated on her sight, But she is gon, butij.



but ij. New desires inhra-cing, And my deserts dis-gracing. But she is &c.



When did I erre in blindnesse,
Or vex her with vnkindnesse,
If my care did attend her alone,
Why is she thus vntimely gone?
True loue abides till the day of dying,
False loue is euer flying.

Then fa'se fare-well for euer,
Once false prove faithfull neuer,
He that now so triumphes in thy loue,
Shall soone my present fortunes prove.
Were I as faire as divine Adams,
Loue is not had where none is.

But: if. new desires imbracing, and my deserts disfracing. But &c.

ALTO.

BASSO.

VIII.

N

Ow let her change & spare not, since she proues false I care not:
fayned loue so bewitched my delight, that still I doated on her sight. But she is gon,
but: ij. ij. new desires imbracing, and my deserts
disfracing. But: &c.

VIII.

TENORE.

N

Ow let her change & spare not, since she proues false I care not: fained loue so bewitched
my delight that still I doated on her sight. But she is gon, but: ij. ij. ij. new desires
imbracing, and my deserts disfracing. But: &c.

F.

IX.

CANTO.



N-der-neath a *Cypris* shade, the Queene of Loue sat

F F F F F F F F F F

mourning, Casting downe the Rosie wreaths, Her heavenly brow a-dor.

F F F F F F F F F F

ning: Quenching fiery sighes with teares, But yet

F F F F F F F F F F

her hart, but yet her hart, her hart still bur- ning. Quenching fi-rie

F F F F F F F F F F

sighes with teares, but yet her hart, but yet her hart, her

F F F F F F F F F F

hart still bur- ning.

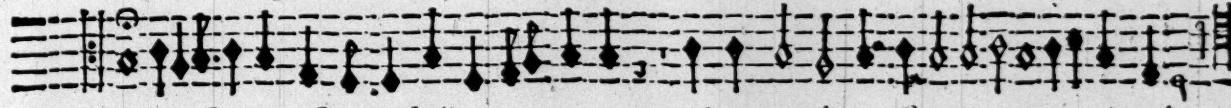
F F F F F F F F F F

2 For within the shady mourne, the cause of her complaining,
Mirrhus Sonne the leavy bowres did haunt, her loue disdaining,
Counting all her true desires, in his fond thoughts but faining.

3 Why is youth with beauty graft, vnfeeleing Judge of vnkindnesse,
Spotting loue with the foule report, of crueltie and blindnesse,
Forceing to vnkind complaints, the Queene of all diuinenesse.

4 Sint thy teares faire Seaborne Queene, & greife in vaine lamented,
When desire hath burnt his hart, that thee hath discontented,
Then to late the scorne of youth, by age shall be repented.

quenching it. but yet her hart full burning. but yet her hart full burn-



ing. but yet her hart full burning. but yet her hart full burn-



wretches, her leauching braw a-dorning, quenching fire, sighes with teares, quenching it.



Ndermeth a Cyprus shade, the Queene of Loue late mourne, singe carlinge dore the Ro-



A

ALTO.

BASSO.

IX.

V

Ndermeth a The Queene of Loue late mourning, casting

down the Rosy wreathes her heavenly brow adoring quenching fire

sighes, fire sighes with teares, quench: ii.

but yet her



hart, but yet her hart full burning quenching fire, fire sighes,



fire sighes with teares, quench: ii. but yet her



hart, but yet her hart, her hart full burning.

XI

IX.

V

Ndermeth a Cyprus shade, the Queene of Loue late mourning, casting downe the Rosy wreathes, her

heauenly brow ado- ring: quenching fire, fire sighes with teares quench: ii.



TENORE.

Explanatory note: The Tenore part consists of two systems of music, each with four staves. The first system corresponds to the Basso part's system 9, and the second system corresponds to the Alto part's system 9.

but yet her hart,



yet her hart still burning. but: ii. but: ii. quenching fire, fire sighes with teares,



F.I.

For his vnfotunat friend William Harwood.

X.

CANTO.

Sound wo- full plants in hils and woods, Fly my cries to the skies, Melt
mine eies, and hartlan- guish, Not for the want of friends, or goods, make I
moane, though alone, thus I groane, by toules, an- guish. Time, friends, chance, goods, might againe
re-couer, Black woes, sad grieves, ore my life doe houer, Since my losse is with dispaire, No
blest Star to moigne faire, All my mirth turne to mourning, Hart lament, for hope is
gon: is gon, Musick leue, he learne to moane, Sorrowes the sads a-dor- ning. Since my, &c.
Ayemee my daies of blisse are done,
Sorrowing must I sing, nothing can relieve mee:
Eclipsed is my glorious Sunne,
And mischance doth aduance horrors lance, still to greiu me.
Poore hart, ill happ hath all ioy bereft thee:

55

Gon's the sole good, which the Fates had left mee.
Whose estate is like to mine? Fortune doth my weale repine,
Enuying my one pleasure,
Patience mult mee assur, other plaster can not cure,
Therefore in this my treasure.

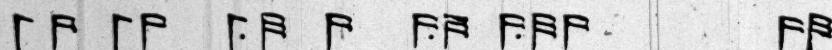
For his vnfornunate friend William Harwood. X. BASSO.

S O und woffull plants in hills & wood, flic my cries to die Skies, flic if. melt mine cies, & hart languish, not for the want of friends, or goods, of it, make I moane, though a lone thus I groan, by fous an-

X. Iolfe is with diſpate, no blif Start to mēc lūne farc, all my mirth turne to mourning, hart lamein, lamein, hart la-



Ou that pine in long de- sire, helpe to cry. Come Loue, come Loue,



quench this bur- ning fire, Least through thy wound I die. Least through thy wound I



die. Least through thy wound I die. Come loue, &c.



2 Hope that tyres with vaine delay,
ever cryes

Come loue, come loue, hovers and yeares decay,
In time loues treasure lyes.

3 All the day, and all the night
still I call

Come loue, come loue, but my deare delight,
yeads no releefe at all.

4 Her vnkindnesse scornes my moane,
that still shrykes

Come loue, come loue, beauty pent alone
dyes in her owne dulikes.

לְקַעַד כְּרוֹזֶץ בְּלִי woun d I דָּבֵר come לְוַחֵךְ



fire, burning fire, least through thy wound I die. least through thy wound I die, least through thy wound



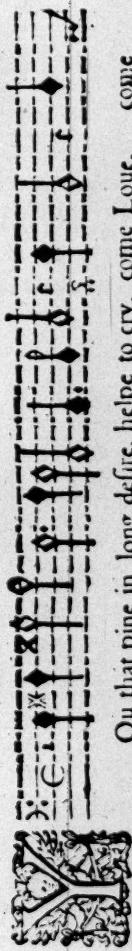
On that pine in long decay, he left to cry; come Louc, come Louc, quick this purifying



ALTO.

BASSO.

三



Ou that pine in long desire, helpe to cry, come Loue, come

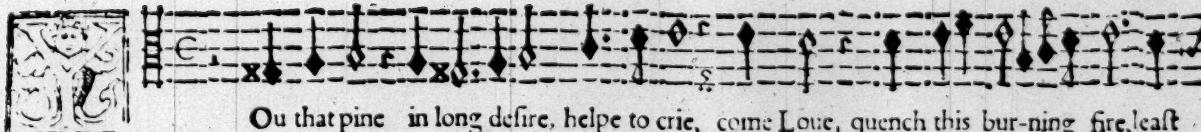


Loue, quench this burning fire, least through thy wound I die. I die, least

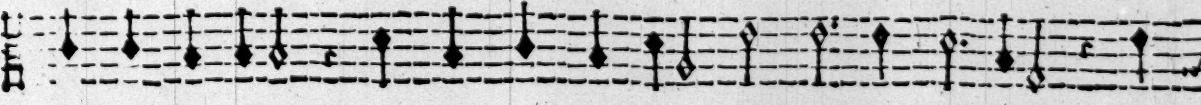
die. come I, one &c.

XI.

TENORE.



Ou that pine in long desire, helpe to crie, come Loue, quench this bur-ning fire, least



through thy wound I die. least through thy wound I die, least through thy wound I die. least



through thy wound I die. come Loue &c.

Cii

XII.

CANTO.



Ooke Mistresse mine within this hol-low brest, See heere in- clost a

tombe of tender skin, wherin fast lockt is f.amd a Phe-nix nest, That sauе your

Witnessse the woud that through your dart doth bleed, And

craues your cure, and ij. and ij. since you haue done the deed. Witnesse,&c.

Wherefore most rare and *Phoenix* rarely fine,
Behould once more the harmes I do possesse :
Regard the hart that through your fault doth pine,
Attending rest yet findeth no redresse .
For end, wawe wings and set your nest on fire,
Or pittie mee, and grant my sweet desire.

ALTO.

ASSOCIATION

三

Ook een middenweg was er niet.

of tender skin, wherein first lockt is friend a Phoenix (Phe).

there is no passage in. Witnessed the wound [sic] through [sic] your [sic] left [sic] shoulder [sic].

since you have done the best you can.

•IX

A vertical strip of musical manuscript paper featuring five staves. The first four staves are entirely blank, showing only the horizontal lines of the staff system. The fifth staff from the top contains a single note, specifically a C-clef note on the fourth line of the staff.

A vertical strip of musical manuscript paper featuring a single five-line staff. The staff contains several note heads, some with stems pointing up and others pointing down, indicating different pitch levels. The paper has a light beige or cream color with dark blue horizontal lines.

XII

TENORE

A page from a medieval manuscript featuring musical notation. The music is written on four-line red staves. The notation includes black neumes and various rhythmic signs such as dots and crosses. The text "I" is visible at the top left.

fram'd a The-mur nest, that, save your selfe, there is no passage in, there is no passige in. Witnesse the wound.

that through your dart doth bleed, and craves your cure, & ij. &c. ij. since you haue done the dead.

H.

To his louing friend M. Holder, M. of Arts. XIII.

CANTO.



Lime O hart, clime to thy rest, Climing yet take heed
of falling, Climers oft eu'en at their best, catch loue, downe falth, hart appa-ling. Climers, &c.

The notation is as follows:
Top line (Soprano):
F F F F | G G G G | G G G G | G G G G | G G G G | G G G G |
Middle line (Alto):
a b a a | b b a a | c a a a | d a a a | d a a a | d a a a |
Bottom line (Bass):
a b a a | b b a a | c a a a | d a a a | d a a a | d a a a |
The lyrics correspond to the notes:
Lime O hart, clime to thy rest, Climing yet take heed
of falling, Climers oft eu'en at their best, catch loue, downe falth, hart appa-ling. Climers, &c.

2 Mounting yet if she do call,
And desire to know thy arrant :
Feare not stay, and tell her all,
Falling shew will be thy warrant.

3 Rise, oh rise, but rising tell,
When her beautie brauely wins thee,
T'sore vp where that she doth dwell,
Downe againe thy basenesse brings thee.

4 If she aske what makes thee loue her,
Say her vertue, not her face :

For though beauty doth approue her,
Mildnesse gives her greater grace.

5 Rise then rise if she bid rise,
Rising say thou risest for her ;
Fall if she do thee dispise,
Falling still do thou adore her.

6 If thy plaint do pittie gaine,
Loue and loue to her honor :
If thy service she disdaine,
Dying yet complaine not on her.

hart ap-palling. Clymars &c.

Lime O hart, clime to thy rest, Clym-ing yet take
heed of falling, Clymbers oft eu'en at their best, catch Loue,
downe falleth hart appalling.

To his louing friend M. Holder M. of Arts. XIII.

ALTO.

XIII. BASSO.



Lyme O hart, clyme to thy rest, clyming yet take
heed of falling, clymers oft eu'en at their best, catch Loue,
downe falleth hart appalling.

Clymbers &c.

To his louing friend M. Holder M. of Arts. XIII. TENORE.

Clime O hart, clime to thy rest, Clym-ing yet take heed
of falling, Clymbers oft eu'en at their best, catch Loue, downe falleth hart
ap-pal-ling. Clymbers &c.

XIIIIL

CANTO.



Hanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light, My Loue and I be- traid thou

My Loue and I be- traide thou

set vs free, And Zephyrus as ma-ny vn- to thee, Whose blasts con- ceald, the pleasures of the night,

תְּמִימָנָה תְּמִימָנָה תְּמִימָנָה תְּמִימָנָה תְּמִימָנָה תְּמִימָנָה

Re-solute to her thou gaue, content to mee. But be those bowers still fill'd with Ser-pents hisses,

To be-
tray our
kis-
ses. To betray our

to be- tray our kis- ses. to betray our

kisses. But be those, &c.

But be those, &c.

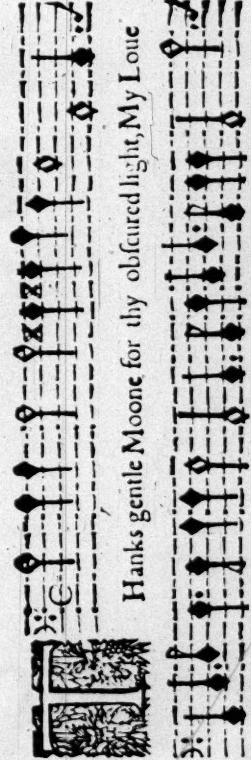
- And thou false Abhor with thy bed of Rose,
Wherin wheron toicht equall with loues fyre,
We reapt of evther other loves desire,
Withier the twining plants that thee enclose.
Oh be thy bower still fild with serpents hisses,
That sought by treason,to betray our kisles.

Torne be the frame, for thou didst thankles hide,
A trayterous spy, her brother, and my foe,
Who sought by death, our joyes to vnder goe,
And by that death, our passions to deuide,
Leaving to our great vows, eternall woe.
Oh be thy bowers still fild with serpents hisses,
That sought by treason, to betray our kisses.

many vn-to thicke, whiche blaſts conneald, diſplicaturcs of die night, Reclouſe to her thou gaue, conneict to
 mee. But be thicke bowers full with Serpents blaſtes, That fough̄t by treason, that is to
 betray our blaſtes, to bec-ray our blaſtes, But be thicke &c.

XIII.

BASSO.



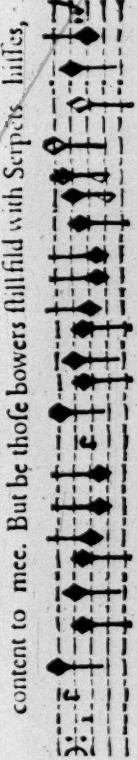
Hanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light, My Loue



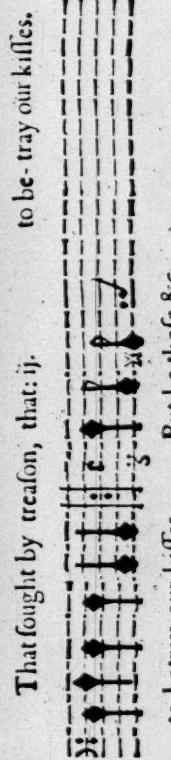
and I betrayd thouſet vs free, And Zepherus as many vnto thee, Whose



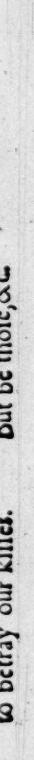
blaſts conceald, the pleasures of the night, Resolute to her thou gaue,



content to mee. But be those bowers full fill with Serpents blaſtes,



That fough̄t by treason, that is to



to betray our blaſtes. But be thicke, &c.

XIV.

ALTO.

Hanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light, My Loue & I betrayd thouſet vs free, And Zepherus as many
 vnto thee, Whose blaſts conceald, the pleasures of the night, Resolute to her thou gaue, content to mee. But
 be those bowers full fill with Serpents blaſtes, That fough̄t by treason, That is to
 to betray our blaſtes.

to betray our blaſtes. But those: &c.



Sigh as sure to weare the fruit of the Wil-low
tree, I sigh as sure to lose my sute, for it may not bee.
I sigh as one that loues in vaine, I sigh as one that lies
in paine, very sorie, ij. ij. very weary of my
mi- se- rie. I &c.

The musical notation consists of five staves of music, each with a different rhythmic pattern. The first staff begins with a large 'V' followed by a 'b'. The second staff begins with a 'P'. The third staff begins with a 'P'. The fourth staff begins with a 'P'. The fifth staff begins with a 'P'.

2 I hate my thoughts which like the Flie, flutter in the flame,
I hate my teares which drop, and dry, quench and frie the same:
I hate the hart which frozen burnes, I hate the hart which chosen turnes,
Too and from mee, making of mee nothing but a game.

3 My thoughts are fuell to desire which my hart doth moue,
My teares are oyle to feed the fire, smart whereof I proue:
She laughes at sighes that come from mee, I sigh at laughes in her so free,
Who doth glory, in the storie of my sorie loue.

4 Her louely lookes, and louelesse mind doe not well agree,
Her quick conceit, and judgement blind, as ill futed bee:
Her forward wit, and foward hart, that like to knit, thus glad to part,
Makes so prettie, and so wittie, not to pittie mee.

5 The more I seeke, the lesse I find what to trust vnto,
The more I hold, the lesse I bind, she doth still vndoe:
I weave the web of idle loue, which endles will, and frutes proue,
If the pleasure for the measure of my treasure goe.

Loues in paine, very sorie, vce: ij. very weary of my miferie. I sigh as &c.

it will not bee, for it will not bee, I sigh as one that loues in paine, that loues in paine, I sigh as one that

Sigh as sute to weare the fruit of the willow tree, I sigh as sute to loose my sute, my sute, for

I

ALTO.

BASSO.

XV.



Sigh as sure to weare the fruit, of the willow tree, I sigh as sure,

I sigh as sure to loose my sute, for it will not bee. I sigh as one that loues in paine,

loues in paine, I sigh as one that loues in paine, very sorie, very ij.

very sorie, very weary of my miferie. I sigh &

XV.

TENORE

I

Sigh as sure to weare the fruit, the fruit of the willow tree, I sigh as sure to loose my sute, for it

will not bee, for it will not be. I sigh as one that loues in paine, I sigh as one that loues in paine:

very sorie, very ij. very sorie very weary of my miferie. I sigh &c.

I ii.

Chorus.

XVI.

CANTO

Down a down, ij. Thus *Phillis* sung, by Fancie once op-pre-sed, Who so by foolish Loue are
 strong, Are worthe-ly distres-sed, and so sing I, and ij. with a down, ij. ij.
 with a down a down a down.

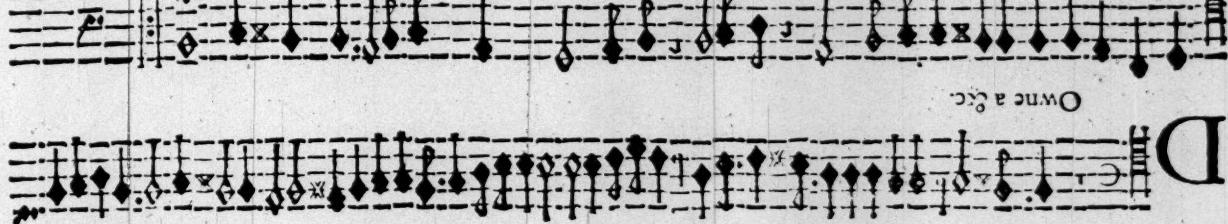
When Loue was first be-got, and
 by the mothers will, Did fall to humane lot, his solice to ful-fill, Devoid of all de-cit,
 chaste and ho-ly fire, Did quicken mans con-ceit, and womens brest in-spire. The Gods that saw the
 good, that mortals did ap-proue, With kinde and holy moode, began to talke of loue.

Chorus. Downe a downe.

2 But during this accord, a wonder strange to heare
 Whilst loue in deed and word, most faihfull did appear:
 False semblance came in place, by Ielocie attended,

And with a double face, both loue and fancie blended,
 Which made the gods forsake, and men from fancie flic,
 And maidens scorne a mate, forsooth and so will I.

Chorus. Downe a downe, &c.



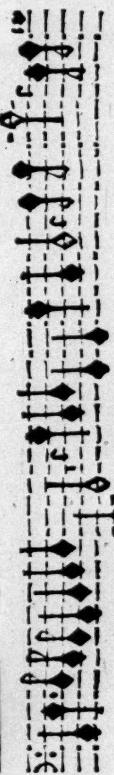
ALTO.

XVI

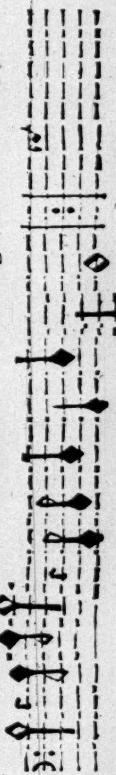
XVI. BASSO.



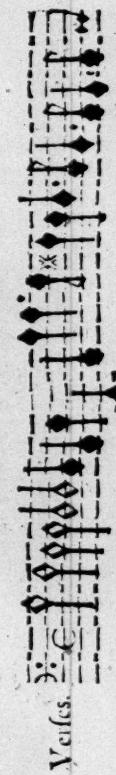
Owne a: &c.



& so sing I with a downe, ij.



ij. with a downe a downe a downe.



When Loue: &c.



Chorus.

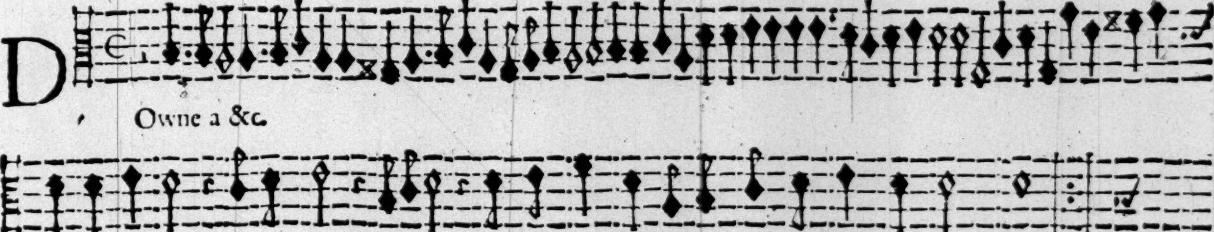


Dowme a: &c.

TENORE

Chorus

XVI.



And so sing I, with a downe, ij. with a downe a, with a downe a downe a downe downe.



When Loue: &c.



Chorus.

Dowme a: &c.

K.

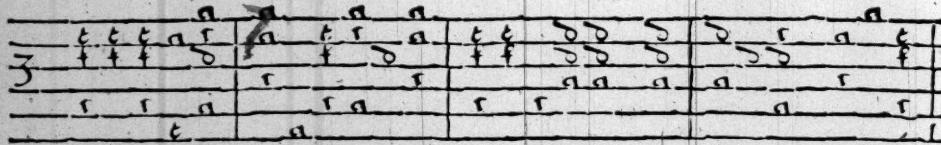
XVII.

CANTO:



I- a-phe-ni-a like the Dafdown- dillie, White as the Sunne, faire as the

FF F F F

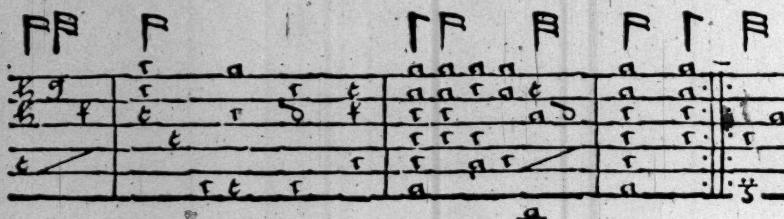


Lillie, Heigh ho, heigh ho, how I doe loue thee : I doe loue thee as my Lambs, Are be-lo-ued of

F F F F F F F F



their dambs, How blest were I if thou wouldst proueme mee. I doe, &c.



2 Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes, all sweetes incloes,
Faire sweete how I doe loue thee ?

I doe loue thee as each flower,
Loues the Sunnes life giuing power,
For dead, thy breath to life might moue mee.

3 Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Deare joy, how I doe loue thee ?

As the birds doe loue the spring,
Or the Bees their carefull king,
Then in requite, sweete virgin loue mee.

dieu woulde proue mccc. I doc:gc.

D

ALTO.

XVII.

BASSO.

XVIII.

I. a. phe-nu like the Daffodown-dillie, white as the Sunne faire
as the Lillie, Heigh ho, heigh ho, how I doe loue thee, I doe loue thee as my Lambs,
are beloued of their dambs, how blest were I if thou wouldest proue me. I doe &c.

D

XVII.

BASSO.

XVIII.

I-aphe-ni-a like the daf-down-dillie, white as the Sunne faire
as the Lillie, Heigh ho, heigh ho, how I doe loue thee, I doe loue thee as my Lambs,
are beloued of their dambs, how blest were I if thou wouldest proue me. I doe &c.

D

XVII.

TENORE.

I-aphe-ni-a like the daf-down-dillie, white as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie, Heigh ho,
heigh ho, how I doe loue thee: I doe loue thee as my Lambs, are beloued of their dambs, how blest
were I if thou wouldest proue me. I doe loue &c.

K. ii.

XVIII.

CANTO.



Eautie sat bathing by a spring, Where fairest shades did hide her: The

F F F F P P P P F F F F P P P P

a
b
c
d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d

winds blew calme, the birds did sing, The coole streames ranne be- side her.

F F F F P P P P F F F F P P P P F P

a
b
c
d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d

My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eie, To see what was for- bidden: But better memory said fie, So

P P F F P P F F P P F F P P F P

b
c
d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d

vaine de- sire was chidden. Hey no- ny, hey no-

F F F F P P F F F F F F F F F F F F

a
b
c
d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d

ny, hey ij. hey nony no nony nony. Hey, &c.

F F P P F P F P F P F P F P F P

a
b
c
d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination,
Seemed to see, but could not tell,
Her feature, or her fashion.

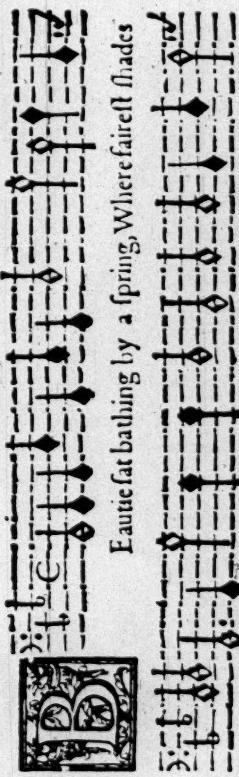
But even as Babes in dreames doe smile,
And sometime fall a-weeping:
So I a-wake as wise this while,
As when I fell a sleeping.
Hey nonnie, nonnie. &c.

hey ij. nonic,nonic, hey ij. Hey nonic,nonic

ALTO.

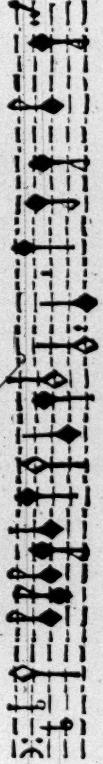
BASSO.

XVIII.

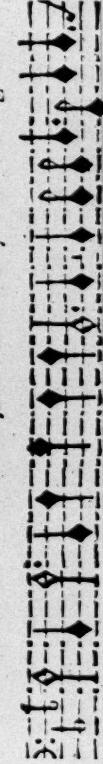


Eautie sat bathing by a spring, Where fairest shades

did hide her: The winds blew calme, the Birds did sing, The coole



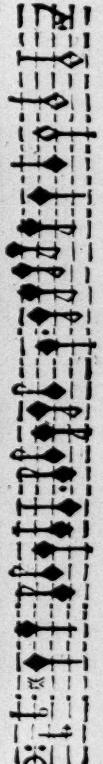
stremes ranne beside her, beside her. My wanton thoughts en-



tic'd mine eye, To see what was forbidden: But better me-mory said



fie, So vaine desire was chidden .Hey nonie nonie,hey ij.



nome,hey ij. hey ij. Hey



no. me. Hey nome,&c.

XVIII.

XVIII.

TENORE

B

Eautie sat bathing by a spring, Where fairest shades did hide her: The winds blew calme, the

birds did sing, The coole stremes ranne beside her, beside her. My wanton thoughts entic'd, entic'd

mine eie, To see what was forbidden: But better me-mory said fie, So vaine desire was chidden. Hey

nony, ij.

hey ij.

hey ij.

nony. Hey &c.

L

XIX.

CANTO.



Vsick deare sollace, to my thoughts neg- lected, Musick time sporter,

F P F P F P F P F P F P

Musick time sporter, to my most ref- pce- ted, Sound on, sound en, thy gol- den

F P F P F P F P F P F P F P

harmony is such, That whilst she doth vouchsafe her E-^{ven} Lute to tuch.

By descant

F P F P F P F P F P F P F P F P

numbers I doe nimbly clime, from Loues sc- cluse, Vnto his Courts, vn-to his Courts wher I in

F P F P F P F P F P F P F P

fresh attire, at- tire my Muse. Pv descant, &c.

2 I doe compare her fingers swift resounding
Vnto the heauens Sphæricall rebounding:
Harke, harke, she sings no forst, but breathing sound I heare,
And such the concord Dispasons shee doth reare,
As when th'immortall god of nature from his teate above,
First formd words all, & fairely it combind, combind by loue.

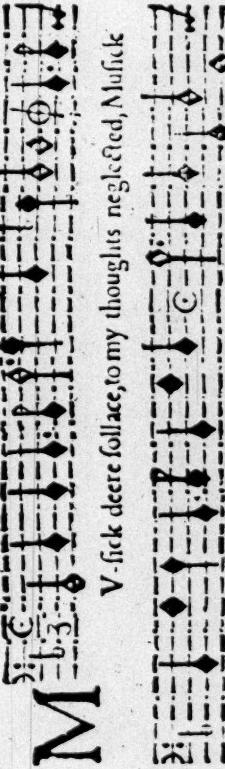
3 Diuine Appollo bee not thou offended,
That by her better skill thy skils amended,
Schollers doe oft more l ore, then maisters theirs attaine,
Though thine the groûd, all parts in one though the contain,
Yet maist thou triumph that thou hast a Scholler onely one,
That can her Lute to thine, and to thy voice, her voice attaine.

So his Courts, where I in fresh attire, we my Muse.
 By descant numbers &c.

Ebor Lute to tuch, By descant numbers I doe nimbly clime, from Loues secluse unto his Courts, vñ.
 Vlck deere solace to my thoughts neglected, Musick time sporter, to my most respeced.
 Reff. Perfected, Sound on found on thy goulden harmony is such, That willit luke doth vouchsafe her to my muse

ALTO.

XIX. BASSO.



time sporter, Musick time sporter, to my most respeced.

XIX.

Sound on, sound on thy goulden harmony is such, That whilst

she doth, she doth vouchsafe her Ebor Lute to tuch. By descant

numbers I doe nimbly clime, from Loues secluse, Vnto his courts vñ.

to his Courts, where I in fresh attire, at ure my

Muse. By descant &c.

TENORE.

M

Vlck deere solace to my thoughts neglected, Musick time sporter, Musick time sporter, to my

most respeced: Sound on, sound on, thy golden harmony is such, That whilst she doth, she doth vouch-

safe her Ebor Lute to tuch. By descant numbers I doe nimbly clime, from Loues secluse, vnto

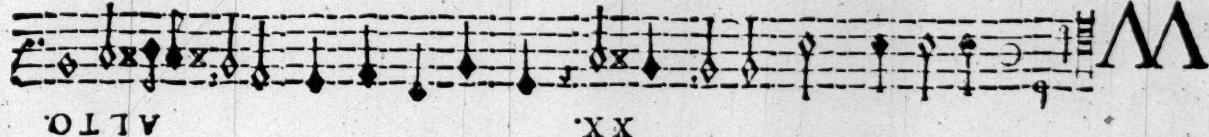
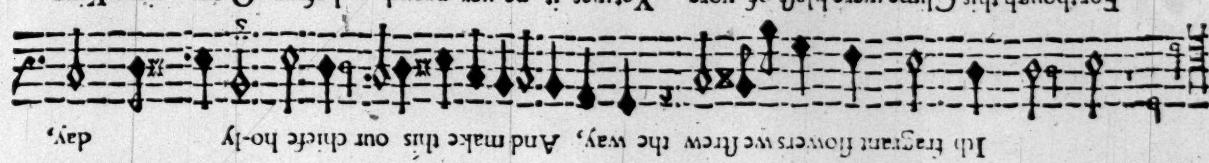
his Courts, vnto his Courts, where I in fresh attire at ure my Muse. By descant, &c.

L. i.

Ith fragrant flowers we strew the way, And make this our chiefe
 ho- ly day, For though this Cline were blest of yore, Yet ws it
 ne-uer proud before: O gracious King, O ij. O ij. O ij.
 of second Troy, Ac-cept of our vn- fui- ned ioy. O, &c

3 Now th'Aire is sweeter then sweet Balme,
 And Satires daunce about the Palme:
 Now earth with verdure newly dight,
 Gives perfect signes of her delight.
 O gracious King of second Troy,
 Accept of our vnfained ioy.

3 Now Birds record new harmonie,
 And trees doe whistle melodie:
 Now every thing that Nature breeds
 Doth clad it selfe in pleasant weeds.
 O gracious King of second Troy,
 Accept of our vnfained ioy.

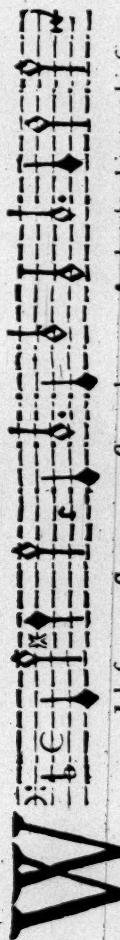


ALTO.

XX.

BASSO.

XX.



Ith fragrant flowers we ſtrewe the way, And make this our chiefe



holy day, For though this Clime were bleſt of yore, yet was it neuer proud be-

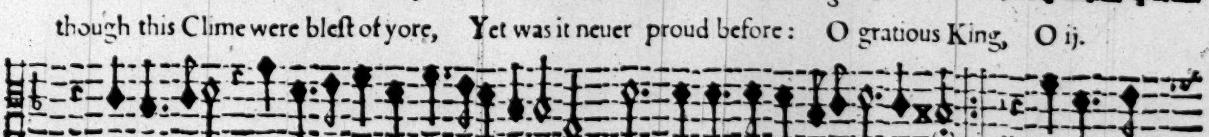


O grātious King, O ii. O ii. O ii.



of second Troy, Accept of our vnfaid joy. O grātious &c.

TENORE.



M.

An Elegie in remembrance of his Worhipfull friend Thomas Leighton Esquier.

XXI

CANTO.

Come come all you that draw heavens pu-rest breath, Come
An-gell bretfed sonnes of har-mo-nie, Let vs condole in tragicke Eli-
gic, Con-dole with me our dearest Leightons death, Leighton in whose deere losse death blemish-eth
Iones beau-tie and the soule of true de-light, Leighton heavens fauorite and the
Muses Jewell, Moses and heavens enly heere in too cruell, Leightons to hea-uen, Leighton
to heauen, hath tane too time-ly flight. Leighton to, &c.

Come then sith Seas of teares, sith sighes and grones,
Sith mournefull plaints, lowd cries, and deepe laments,
Haue all in vaine deplored these drerements,
And fate in-explorable scornes our mones,
Let vs in accents graue, and saddest tones,

Offer vp Musicks dolefull sacrifice:
Let these accords which notes distinguisht frame,
Serue for memoriall to sweet Leightons name,
In whose sad death Musicks delight now dies.

hicacem, Leighton to heauen, hath tane too timely flight. Leighton &c.

Muscs and heauen on onely here-in too cruell, Leighton to heauen,
hicacem fauorit and the Muscs Key-cle, Muscs and heauen on onely here-in too cruell, Leighton to heauen,
Leighton in whole deere loffe deareth blemisliche, soues beautie and the soule of true delight, Leighton
of hiar-mo- ry, Let vs condole in tragedie E-li-egie, con-dole with mee our dearest Leighton dachy,
One comes all you that draw heauens purest, Leighton pur-ty, Leighton to heauen, Come Angell blessed sonnes, come ifi.
An Elegie in remembrance of his Worshippfull friend, Thomas Leighton Esquier. XXI. ALTO.

XXXI. BASSO.



Ome come all you that draw heauens purest
breath, Come Angell brested sonnes of harmony, Let vs con-
dole in tragick Eligie, Condole with mee our dearest Leighton
death Leighton in whose deere losse death blemisheth Jones
beawne and the soule of true de-light, Leighton heauen
fauorite and the Muscs Jewell, Muscs and heauen on
heren too cruell, Leighton to heauen, Leigh: ij. to heauen
hath tane too timely flight. Leighton to heauen, &c.

An Elegie, in remembrance of his Worshippfull friend, Thomas Leighton Esquier. XXI. TENORE.

C Ome come all you that draw heauens purest byeath, Come Angell brested sonnes, come ij.
of harmo-ny, Let vs condole in tragick Eligie, Condole with mee our dearest Leightons death, Leighton
in whose deere losse death blemisheth Jones beautie, and the soule of true delight, Leighton heauen's fauorite and
the Muscs Jewell, Muscs and heauen's onely heirem too cruell, Leighton to heauen, to ij. to heauen
hath tane too timely flight. Leighton, &c.

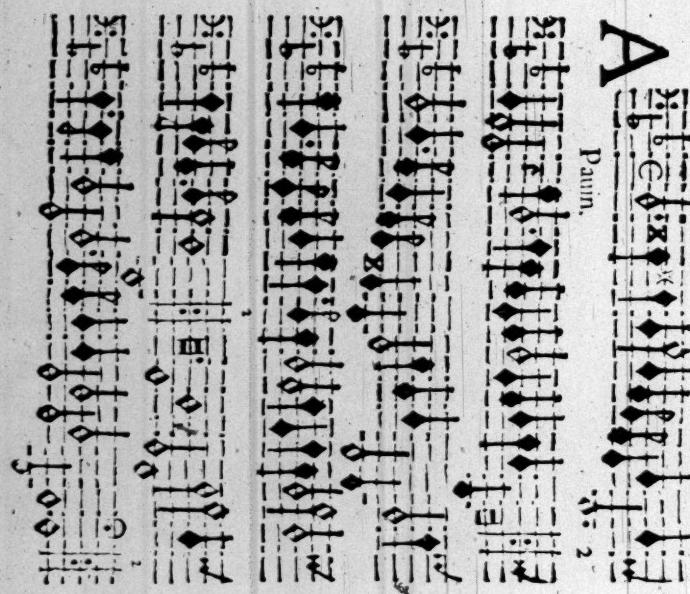
M.ij.

A

XXII.

BASSO.

Pauin.



A Pauin for the Lute and Base Violl.

XXII.

Handwritten musical score for a Pauin for the Lute and Base Violl, consisting of six systems of music. Each system is written on five staves, with the top staff for the Lute and the bottom staff for the Bass Violl. The music is in common time and includes various note heads (F, P, R) and rests. The score is divided into systems by vertical bar lines and measures by short vertical strokes.

FINIS.

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